11.

A MODEST VINDICATION OF THE HERMITE OF THE Sounding Island:

In Requital for the

MODEST VINDICATION OF THE

Salamanca Doctor FROM

PERJURY.

By *Bartholomew Lane* Esq;. who hath very good thoughts of his Booke, wt euer ye Reader may thinke.

LONDON.

Printed by *T. Snowden* for the Author. 1683.

A

MODEST VINDICATION

OF THE

HERMITE

OF THE

Sounding Island:

In Reply to the

MODEST VINDICATION

OF THE

Calumnious Books

FROM

PERJURY.

LONDON.

Printed by T. Snelgar for the Author. 1683.

A

Modeſt Vindication, &c.

THere's no body who had never ſeen it before, that looks upon the outſide of *Bedlam*, but will ſay, 'tis a very fine Structure; and take it for ſome beautiful Colledge; but when they are once within ſide of it, and hear the ſeveral ſorts of Melody which the various Profeſſors there make in their particular Apartments; ſome raving, others tearing; ſome ſwearing, others hollowing; ſome whooping; 'tis twenty to one but they will know where they are; and let the People ſay what they will, and tell 'em they're ſober, yet they will believe 'em to be what they are, ſtark mad.

So fares it with *Our Modeſt Vindication of the* Salamanca *Doctor from Perjury*. A very ſpecious Frontiſpiece. For who cannot but look upon it as a very good work, to vindicate a man from ſo foul a Crime? 'Tis a pious, good, honeſt, charitable work, and might deſerve Remuneration, or Retaliation, if well done; eſpecially when a man comes ſo far as *Morocco* to do it.

To go a little farther, *On an Eſſay to prove him only Forſworn in ſeveral Circſtances.* All this is well enough---For 'tis common in your great Portals to have a couple of ugly *Satyrs*, or a brace of yawning *Saracens* Heads ſtaring in your face, to embelliſh the Workmanſhip. Theſe things are frequently admitted in Architecture among the Sober and Judicious.

Nay, he may be allowed a Sentence or two to boot, with half a dozen Verſes: They lie like Marble Steps or Aſcents, very graceful and majeſtick. And when the People behold theſe outward Graces, they cry, Who lives here? ſure 'tis ſome Lord or Knight---No, 'tis only a *Maſter of Arts*, and a *Prieſt of the Church of* England.

Certainly cries one---I cannot believe it----Why ſo Sirs?--- Why I ventured but a little way in---and there's ſuch raving and tearing, ſuch fuming and foming, ſuch a noiſe, ſuch a din, ſuch huffing and dinging, ſuch ſnarling and Bowwowing, that it ſeems rather the Manſion of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: All the Conſtables of *Faringdon* without may be thought few enough to keep the Peace in it. Sure, added he, the Owner of this Pile is too mad to make a Prieſt of. Oh Sir! ---'Twould make any man mad to be abus'd as he has been. Don't tell me that Sir, I am ſure *Don Quixot*, who was a Knight Errant, and ſo Cholerick, that no Prieſt ought to pretend to be like Him, was of another mind. For he being affronted by an *Eccleſiaſtico*, took a more ſerene Method in his Rebuke. You may find it, in his 32th Chapter of his ſixth Book. As for the Verſe, you may digeſt the Chapter into Verſes, and find out the number your ſelf if you pleaſe. This *Eccleſiaſtico* had ſaid to this ſame Knight in the Chapter foregoing---*Saul of a Pitcher, who has put it into your Noddle that you are a Cavaliero andante, Kill Giants, and overcome Windmills?* A very ſharp Rebuke, and no way befitting an *Eccleſiaſtico*. Now what ſaid the meek Knight to him? *I expected*, quoth he, *from one of your Coat, good Counſel, and private well intended Reprehenſions, not to be ſo ſeverely reproached in publick. For calm Reproof better befits a man of your Calling, than railing and ſcolding beyond all the Limits of Modeſty and Civility.* Why truly, this was an Affront very patiently ſheath'd up,

eſpecially

especially by a Knight that would quarrel with a Windmill, for grinding Corn for the Poor. But our *Knight's Tempers*, are some of them more testy than He. Besides, this man was abus'd after a strange fashion; He was Mahometanickly abus'd, Jewishly abus'd, Jesuitically abus'd--Surely you know nothing of the matter;--Not I, by my Troth--I hardly read a Pamphlet once in a Quarter of a year--For I look upon all your Paper-squabbles to be but like the hideous noise, and unpleasing clamours of those Geese, from whose wings the Quills were pull'd. If you have a mind to hear Scolding, go to *Billingsgate*; there you may to the full delight your Ears with such pleasing Dialogues; there they are natural, come free, & unstudy'd for. But for men to take pains to abuse one another, shews 'em to have Brains more empty than Fishwives. Oh Sir!--But what think you of Aspersions?--Would you not have a man vindicate himself from Aspersions?--You'd as good say, a man ought not to brush his Cloths when they're dirty? Why look ye Sir; some men may vindicate themselves from Aspersions, and some may not. For some men are so inconsiderable in the World, that if you divide the Nation where they live into twenty parts, nineteen and three quarters, not three quarters of the fourth quarter ever mind those Aspersions. And what should such a Person trouble himself about Aspersions. A rude Carman many times all bedaubs a *Hidalgo's* quick and span new Suit;--this is a very great *Aspersion* indeed.--Upon this the Gentleman in a violent Fury asperses the Carman, and calls him *Son of a Whore*. What a pitiful sort of Revenge is this? For still the Gentleman's all bedaub'd; but the Carman goes away whistling about his business, not thinking it worth his while to dispute with the *Aspersed* Gentleman about his Pedigree. Many a man happens to tear his Cloaths with a Nail or a Tenter-hook in some Post or Bulk against a Stall; and what then? why then the man looks first upon the Rent in his Garment, and gives the Tenter-hook a good weighty Curse. But all the while 'tis his Coat, and not the Tenterhook receives the damage. And therefore if a man be *Aspersed*, and no body takes notice of it, a Vindication is like setting up a Post for his own folly to shoot at. But then on the other side, suppose there should be grounds and suspicions for this Aspersion, what signifies a Vindication then? Why then 'tis just as if one of the Night-Rummagers of my Nuncles Houses should piss upon his Embroidered Vestment to make it clean.

But you'l say, This same *Salamanca Doctor* is a perillous man, a man of note; one that has more Enemies than a great many; the *Papists* and all that adhere to 'em are his mortal Foes: He's the only Windmill that provokes all the *Don Quixote's* of the Age; many has been got by Lambasting him with Satyrs and Pasquils, and what more would not the *Papishes* give? they would even sell their *Madonna di Loretto*, and all *Mary Magdalen's* Wardrobe to see him fairly *Dathan'd* and *Abiram'd*. Had they but known the worth of Mr. *A. E.* rather than he should have stay'd in *Morocco* three minutes, they would have exchang'd St. *James* of *Compostella* for such a *Modest Essayer*, to prove their grand Enemy *forsworn*.

Why say you, that's no such great piece of Business with Them, to exchange a Rich Saint for a poor Devil upon a good occasion. And you know, if this Poor Devil do 'em a kindness, they can make him a Rich Saint when they please. And one Poor Devil sometimes may do 'em more good than twenty Rich Saints. There's one *Mounsieur Gas-teare* is the Devil of a Saint--Nay, the Devil of a Devil, but if the Papishes can but fix him, he'l make a hard shift but he'l do 'em a kindness.

Mounsieur Gas-teare!--Who's he?--I never heard of him;--Why Sir, he's a *Grecian* by Birth; but the most incomparable fellow under the Sky--He it was that invented all the Arts and Sciences in the World. He taught the famous Crow that saluted all the *Roman* Senators by their Names, as they entred the Senate House; He taught the fellow that would take ye all the Grains out of an Ear of Wheat, & then setting the Ear upright in a piece of soft Wax, would rob the particular Grains into their particular places again at four yards distance. He taught great *Panurgus* before he came to be a Cardinal, those pretty Inventions, of carrying about him your little short Knives, as sharp as Furriers Needles, to cut Purses; of blowing Lice in the Ladies Necks at Church, & fastening the men and the women together with small Hooks, as they kneeled at Mass: so that the next thing they did was to tear one anothers Silks and Sattins when they departed. All which he did as being in fee with the Taylors.

The same Master it was, that instructed this towardly Disciple of his to provide him-

self

self with fine Handkerchiefs, drew'd with Powder of *Euphorbium*, and then to clap them to the Lady's Noses, to make 'em sneeze four hours together.

Elephants, Lions, Rhinocerosses, Bears, Horses, Spaniels, fight, shoot off Pistols, tell money dance, fetch, carry, all at his command. He invented those wicked Arts of Printing and Guns; and He it was, this *Mounsieur Gaf-teare*, that taught our *Modest Vindicator* to write a *Modest Rap-dan*, or a *Tantivy Essay* to prove the *Salamanca* Doctor *forsworn*.

The *Modest Vindicator*, d'ye call him, you may give him the Title rather of *Don Braggbibus*, the *Hermite* of the *Sounding Island*. When you come into his Introduction, you would think you were in the Ancient Magical *Hypæthonus*, loud-resounding, noise-rebounding, Ear-confounding, *Jove*-out-thundring *Portico* in *Olimpia*. *Dodona's* Brazen *Caldron*, when the Devil and the Wind Rung all in, to receive the Answers of the Oracle, scarce made such a *Din*. Never did the two Statues erected upon *Memnons* Tomb in *Egyptian Thebes*, keep such a roaring: or *Perillus* ever bellow so loud in *Phalaris's* Bull.

So in the Sunny Spring, when Swarms of Bees
In Clusters hang upon th' adjoyning Trees,
The Country Swains their Brazen Mettal bang,
And Copper Cimbalrick Basons twang,
Till big Olympus with the sound amaz'd.---

Hold Sir, The Inference is easie, and if I mistake not, too true for an *Ecclesiastica*. And yet Sir, I must needs say this for the Gentleman, that the Popish Plot is like the *Cretan Jove*, which the *Saturns* of the Age would fain devour. Now, who knows but this same *Corybant* had a design to Ring it out of their Reach, as the *Cretans* cozen'd *Saturn*? No, no, Sir, you mistake his design, he would have the *Saturns* devour it; and therefore he beats up his Drums in the Valley of *Gehinnom*, that the pitiful Cries of the poor Plot, weltring in the fiery Arms of its own *Moloches*, should not be *Heard*. For alas! the Popish Plot would fain live, only there is at present a necessity to Sacrifice it to a better Opportunity.

This Plot, Sir, came at first from the Devil, and the Papishes are sending it as fast as they can to the Devil again; knowing that no body will keep it so well as he can, or more willingly restore it them when they have occasion. And therefore this same *Ecclesiastico* does like a true Conjurer, to raise Storms and Tempests, and Hurricanes, & Thunder and Lightning for the Devil's more noble Conveyance; for the Devil alwaies Coaches it in foul Weather. Pray do but peep through the *Modest Essayers* Introduction, and tell me whether you do not see the Popish Plot posting away in an Eggshell upon a Broom-stick? I must confess the *Introduction* is very whirlwindy, flustring, blustring, violent, strident, ranting, taunting, flaunting, and surely he destroy'd a World of Nettles with his hot Urine, before he could finish that stingy piece of *Divinity*.---Had this Mounsieur *Braggbibus* but considered that pious Sermon which *Guzman* makes upon the vanity of Honour, he would never have been so restless for a small Rent in the Cassock of his petty Reputation. A thing so small, that had not he sent us his own Magnifying Glass, we could no more have discerned it, than the Muscles in a Flea's Leg, or the Stepstarely's of a *Mite* in a Cheese. But your Divers into Nature's Secrets, called Natural Philosophers, relate, that there is not a more angry, or more huffie creature in the World than a Louse: Do but handle him a little roughly in the *Microscope*, & you shall see him set up his bristles, and swell at least four Inches by the Cloth-yard measure. And therefore a *Don Braggbibus* should have considered, that for a man to be made a Cuckold, is an abuse, and yet 'tis the general Opinion of the World, that Cuckolds had better carry their Horns in their Pockets, than upon their Foreheads.

That's something you say, Sir; But I must tell ye, he has not only labour'd, but he has labour'd besides the Cullion; he has stray'd from his Text like a lost Sheep from the rest of the Herd. And all at the Instigation of Mounsieur *Gaf-teare*: So that although he has no more Charity for the *Salamanca Doctor* than a Hobnail, yet the *Salamanca Doctor* has so much Charity for him, as to believe, that 'twas not a Priest of the Church of *England*, but Mounsieur *Gaf-teare* that wrote the *Modest Vindication*. For look ye, Sir, have you ever heard of a certain Country *Shrove-Tuesday* Sport, called, *Threshing the Cock*? Why, Sir, they put this Cock in the Ground, and lay a Turf over him;---which done, he that can hit him blindfold, at such a price shall have him.---Presently in steps *Mounsieur Gaf-teare*, and tempts one or other to undertake the Adventure.---I say, *Mounsieur Gaf-teare*, because 'tis *pour la Trippe*, in hopes of the Cock's Flesh at

Night.

Night.--Thereupon the fellow is swath'd about the Eyes with the same impartiality that Love or Justice are said to be Hoodwinkt; then a Flail is put into his hand, and being turn'd three or four times round about, he is left to the conduct of his merciful Fortune. And now he thrashes on in the dark; whatever lies before him feels his fury; he uses no Complements, nor, By your Leaves; --No,--If his Sweet-heart stood in his way, she might receive as unmerciful a Pelt as another; -- Yet all this while, whatever he belabours, his aim is still at the Cock.

Even so it is with our *Don Bragghibus*, the Hermite of the *Sounding Island*; we know his main Aim is at a *Modest Vindication*, he levels at the *Salamanca Doctor*; but being blinded by *Mounsieur Gaf-teare*, with passion and desire of Revenge, he storms and fumes at the preservation of his Soveraign; shoots his Fools bolts against those dreadful Instruments of Murder, *Poyson, Screw'd Guns*, and *Consecrated Daggers*, with which his Sacred Life was threatned, laughs at 'em as meer Scar-Crows, and by contemptuously denying the possibility of any such wicked Intendments, seeks to infer an improbability of the General Popish Plot from a silly, idle, pretended, paltry Disgust of his own against the first Discoverer. There is a famous Moralist, who tells us a story of a Fool, that if any person had flung a Stone at him, and hit him a good thump, yet would he be so far from flinging at any other than those who threw at him, that he would not throw any other Stone but that individual Stone which was flung at himself. This Fool was ten times wiser than our wise *Mounsieur Bragghibus*. He pretends the *Salamanca Doctor* has thrown a Stone at him, and crackt that little, brittle Reputation he had, and therefore he flings at all; pelts the *King's Preservation*, *slap*--saies he, at the *Conservation* of the *Kingdom*; Have at the *Discovery* of the *Popish Plot*--and all this to make the *King's Preservation*, the Preservation of the *Kingdom*, and the *Discovery* of the *Plot* stand out of his way, that he might have the more room to let drive at the Head of his Capital Enemy, the *Salamanca Doctor*. Had the *Salamanca Doctor* disgruntl'd him, yet there was no reason from thence that therefore such a Muckworm of a *Bragghibus* as he should play the *Jack-pudding* with the Highest Concerns of Three Nations.

Whence perceiving it as plain as a Fly in the Milk, we may conclude in *Frisesomorum*, that our *Mounsieur Bragghibus*, though he pretend himself a Priest of the Church of *England*, is not altogether so conversans with the Bible as many others are; and therefore we would recommend to his consideration (as a History which perhaps may be more pleasing and delightful to him) the 4th Chapter of the first Book of *Gusman*; where he shall find many Excellent Lessons touching the understanding of Injuries, and how to proceed where Offences are taken.

Now, should you demand a Reason of these Hot and Fiery Proceedings, 'tis greatly to be fear'd that *Mounsieur Bragghibus* would be *tunc et tunc in Huffis & Puffis*--and--*Lookando* over *Shouldrum Lestum*, would answer proudly, surlily, haughtily, promiscuously, darkly, obscurely, deeply, profoundly. But what saies St. *Ambrose*? *Qui huffat huffabitur--& qui look at lookabitur.* Methinks I hear his Reply already. First, That *Quinta Essentia* suffering a Coagulation with Democratical Atoms in *Genere Generalissimo*, 'tis not Rational that there should be a privation of the Natural Energy of *Aciaterial exurgens Catholon Proton*. For that *Tarabin tarabas* being the Hieroglyphical Construction of the four Elements, of which *Choler* is a Problematical Mixture, there can be no Efficient Cause of an Enharmonical Agreement between the Pole Artick and Antartick.

Fourthly and lastly; Seeing that in Matters of High Concernment there ought still to be *Conundrum-bombimans* in the vacuity of the circumambient Air, which according to the Author of that Excellent Treatise, called *The Master of Arts*, Drenching-Horn is required to dilucidate the Discovery of the *Hoti & Dittoti in causa sine qua non*; therefore it is impossible there should be a Coalition of Intellectuals *in eodem Radio Kata Pantòs*.

These, Sir, if you will be so contented, are true *Dodonean*, *Delphic*, *Heraclean*, *Sybilline*, *Pythian*, *Ammonian*, high, abstruse, recluse Answers indeed; Potent Reasons and Justifications of over boiling *Choler*; and therefore since we are like to expect no better from the *Hermite* of the *Sounding Island* himself, what think you of propounding the stress of the *Hermite's Modest Vindication* to two Learned and Famous Persons that I have in my Eye? -- A very fair Proposal--but who are they?--Two as notable Casuists o' my word, as ever tormented *Genus* and *Species*.

The

The learned *Suarez*, and most acute *Alvarez*? —— Agreed —— Why then —— *Emmanes*, *Mannanes*, *Sennores* —— No persons so fit as you to resolve the Doubts and Questions, we shall propound to ye, as being both Spaniards; and for that the difference, from whence our Doubts arise, concern a Doctor of *Salamanca*, and the *Hermit* of the *Sounding Island*, who has been a Slave among the *Moors*, once Lords of a great part of your Country —— Yet we would not have you favour *Salamanca* for *Salamanes*'s sake, nor give a wrong judgement against the *Hermit* for the sake of the *Moors* your Capital Foes.

Suar. Alvar. Sennores no los conocemos ny el un, ny el otro; pero haremos mos lo justitia a todos dos sin alguna parcialidad.

Sennores, No more Spanish —— Only this farther we request, that your replies may be very short, and that you would, if possible, answer us in Monosyllables, or Dissyllables at most, for we love brevity and Laconicness exceedingly.

Alv. Suar. Proceed.

Do we not find in credible History, mention made of Consecrated Daggers, and of Poyson mix'd in the very Host it self, for the destruction of Princes?

Suar. Alvar. Right.

And is there any impossibility that a screw'd Gun may be made use of for the same wicked intendments?

Suar. Alvar. None.

What Members do Men make use of when they give Evidence against Traytors?

Suar. Alvar. Tongues.

Do they breath when they speak?

Suar. Alvar. Breath.

Is it then the breath of the Witness, or the Law, by which the Criminal is condemn'd, that is the occasion of the Criminals being hang'd?

Suar. Alvar. Law.

What does the *Hermit* mean by the *destruction of several eminent Persons*. Does he not mean those notorious Jesuites, who, if for nothing else, had been justly executed, only for being found nestling in a forbidden Land?

Suar. Alvar. Doubtless.

What does he mean by *Hazarding the lives of a great many more?* does he not mean the Rest, that by reason of our confusions and distractions have hitherto escap'd? And does it not shew the true Popish inclinations of a Church of *England* Priest?

Suar. Alvar. Plain.

Then what does such a prophane Libeller, such a froppish Drolles upon the Deliverances of Heaven, and Ridiculer of his Princes and his Countries Preservation deserve?

Suar. Alvar. Hemp.

What are they that will not believe a Popish Plot, examin'd by the King and his Council acknowledged by the Parliament of the Nation, and attested by the Sentences of the Judges of the Land? Are they a Fools or a Knaves?

Suar. Alvar. Both.

Is not the *Hermit* of the *Sounding Island* an impudent Priest of the Church of *England* to deride the *Salamanca Doctor*'s Attestation against the worst of Criminals by the Name of *Bulls-Stones*?

Suar. Alvar. True.

Which of the two, d'ye think speaks most to the purpose, *Gresham* or the *Hermit*?

Suar. Alvar. Gresham ——

He tells ye the *Salamanca Doctor* was at length put upon it to trie an experiment to fix Property, &c.

Suar. Alvar. True.

And don't you verily believe, that *Lazarillo de Tormes* made as good an ex-

cuse to the Cardinal for stealing his Conserves, as the *Hermit* has done for publishing his modest vindication.

Suar. Alvar. Better.

What a Man reports of himself is most properly to be beleived, but the *Hermit* himself reported of himself, that he was circumcised.

Suar. Alvar. Ergo.

But suppose he had been circumcised *a la Moresca*, think ye the Ladies would have thought him a whit the worse for that?

Suar. Alvar. Psawaw.

Had the *Salamanca* Doctor reported he had been circumcis'd *in Turquie*, then you'd say the Case had been altered, by the total Privation of the *Callibish & Quiltons coullontes secundum quid.*

Suar. Alvar. Vray.

Which nevertheless had it been done effectually, had been no such injury neither: For thereby had the *Hermit* been freed from sundry painful diseases, as Phimosis, the Diabetes, the Stone in the Bladder, &c. *Tollatur clitoris*, (saith St. *Origen*) *ut eo intensior sit animus in studiis cœlestibus.*

Suar. Alvar. Right.

Then if he turn Mahometan, he might well be excused, *Lazarillo de Tormes* Father turned Mahometan, and so got him a rich Wife. *Quandiu Romæ vixeris, ut Romæ facium, facito*, saith St. *Jerome.*

Suar. Alvar. Bon.

Now did you ever know so much of the *Hermit* of the *Sounding Island* before in your lives?

Suar. Alvar. Nonne.

Well but suppose you never had. Do you think it would have been much to the detriment of Mankind?

Suar. Alvar. Rien de Tout.

Why then what Reason had he to be incens'd against the *Salamanca* Doctor? For had he been hang'd, he might have been Sainted on this.

Suar. Alvar. Most sure.

But he had not *the least fondness to be hanged.* No more you'd say has the pitifullest Cur, that barks at your heels in the Streets.

Suar. Alvar. Credo.

And yet it had been no such disgrace to keep *Eminent Persons* company.

Suar. Alvar. Nondum venit Hora.

Now you must know, Sirs, that after this the *Hermit* arrested the *Doctor.* And what do ye think he got by't?

Suar. Alvar. Pounds.

How many?

Suar. Alv. Six.

More. Gentlemen; for the Jury were loath to discourage him, for fear of losing their precious Priest of the Church of *England.*

Suar. Alv. Very.

Look ye, Gentlemen, there was ten pound for *Mahometism*, and ten pound for Circumcision. A Man would not be really Circumcis'd for a hundred pound, but he may be reported circumcis'd for ten. 'Tis the price current at *Cambio marittimo.* And you see he was glad he got that, for he call'd it *feasting* the *Goliab.* Twenty pound might well be thought little enough for a pretended defamation of his person, when a Jury, a-paring off the gave six hundred peices of Eight for his Body; and now add twenty pound to the hundred peices of eight and there's the full value of *him*, his Reputation, Skin and Bones and all. However this does not signifie that the *Salamanca* Doctor was in the wrong, infinitely much less that he was perjur'd, but only that he could not prove what he said. For most certainly *Gusman* was in the right when he told the *Auditor del Torrent*, or Chief Justice of *Bologna*, what rule

had

had ſtollen his Cloaths; but becauſe he could not prove what he ſaid, *Alexander* was let go, and *Guſman* laſhed at the Heels.

But a Blots a Blot, and a Tarnish a Tarnish, and therefore it had been better for the *Hermit* to have endur'd the Title of an ill name, had he deſir'd to have it die quickly. For, ſaith the Sententious *Guſman* in his ſixth Chapter of his firſt book of his ſecond part. With the more violence Men ſeek to ſhake it off the more it cleaveth unto them; Inſomuch that it continues ſometimes to the fifth Generation, and then thoſe that ſucceed them, glory and boaſt themſelves thereof, and Blazon that for their Arms, which their Anceſtors held for an affront. *Hermit* of the *Sounding Iſland*, take an Especial Care of your Poſterity. And indeed it appears that the *Hermit* was but a pitiful ſcowrer of durty Reputations, who thought to waſh off the Stains and Blemiſhes of his own inconſiderable, Open-ſtall'd Credit (which was never ripe till now that it publickly appears to be rotten) by aſperſing the moſt conſiderate proceedings of the higheſt Authorities of the Nation. Alas the Credit of the *Salamanca* Doctors Teſtimony ſupported by the Approbation of the three Eſtates of the Kingdom is not to be *Vicarly pawned* out of that eſteem which is due to it, by the little Victory of an *Acorn-Divine*, in the nice and Tickliſh poynts of Law. Which walking *ſecundum allegata & probata* proceeds to ſentence according to the Strength or Weakneſs of Probation. Wherein if the *Salamanca* Doctor fail'd, it ſhews him to be no ſuch Artiſt at ſwearing as this ſame *Bally* Prieſt would make him, while only ſtalking upon the ſcore of his intelligence, he may perhaps be ſaid to be unwary in his report, but not perjur'd by any means. Nor is the *Hermit* ere' a jot the more unmahomatiz'd or uncircumciſ'd by the kindneſs of his *verdict*, ſeeing there is no Certificate of able Surgeons, nor return of grave and experienc'd Midwifes inſpection annex'd to the *Fetus*. So that how having aſcended the Stage of the World in a caſe difficult to determine, he is *Mahometan*, circumciſ'd, or Chriſtian as every one pleaſes, ſince every man is left to the freedom of his own Sentiments.

The latter part of his introduction is a meer Declamation againſt hanging, againſt which he ſeems to have a very great Antipathy. But whether it be out of any deep ſence of his deſerts, or whether out of kindneſs to that manner of execution, as beleiving his perſon would be a diſgrace to the Gallows, is a doubt to be added to the reſt of *Tullies* Tuſculan queſtions.

And thus we come to the long, tedious, lamentable, joyful, tragical, mirthful, doleful, chearful, dreadful, delectable, miraculous, nonſenſical ſtory of the *Hermites* Captivitie and eſcape out of the Land of *Meſſamanda*, where he continued a Slave three hundred ſixty five years, three months, three hours, three half hours, three quarters, three minutes, and three half minutes.

Exeunt Suarez and *Alvarez*.

Wich ſtory tho the *Hermite* has got by it many a fair repaſt, and many a Reckoning paid by telling it over and over again in Hackney Coaches, Coffee-Houſes, Ale-Houſes, and Taverns, yet he never told right as appears by a New Relation of one of his Fellow-Slaves, who made his eſcape much about the ſame time, printed in French at *Colen*, 1682. and diriden into Chapters by the Tranſlator, for the more eaſie apprehenſion of the Readers.

The

The TRUE HISTORY OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE Wandring Hermit OF THE SOUNDING ISLAND. AND

Of his being taken by the Moors: His miserable Captivity: And his Miraculous escape from thence.

CHAP. I.

How the Hermit of the Sounding Island defied the Salamanca Doctor in the great City of Eblana in the Kingdom of Ivernia: And how he was made to pay dear for his Tongue.

THE Hermit of the *Sounding Island* having spent his time in the famous City of *Cambrigia*, to that every one avoided him for certain Errantillian qualities incident to Youth, he fell into a brown Study. In this brown Study, one day, he fell to consider with himself, that I am a very great Prophet; for I find I am little esteem'd in my own Country. I will therefore go seek some other place, where there are not such a multitude of Crape Gown Scavengers to sweep and cleanse the Streets of a City with their long Gowns, as here in *Londinum*. And thus determin'd, he went and found out the Dwarf *Pacolet*, carried him to the Ale-house, and drank him into so good a humour, that he lent him his Horse: Which he immediately mounted, and rod night and day, till he arrived at the City of *Eblana* or *Dublin* in the Kingdom of *Ivernia*. Here he was got into a strange Country, and therefore it behov'd him to shew the excellency of his refined Endowments, af-

ter

ter an extraordinary and dazeling manner. How *Pacolet* came by his Horſe again you ſhall hear at more leiſure, but it fell out pat for the Hermits purpoſe that the noiſe of the Popiſh Plot, and the *Salamanca*'s Doctors diſcovery was got to the City of *Eblana* before him: Thereupon, that he might ſhew the ſharpneſs of his underſtanding, the vivacity of his diſcerning diſtinguiſhing faculties, and the rareneſs of his ingenuity, he began to conſider, whether it were poſſible for a Mortal man to be kill'd with a ſcrew'd Gun, to be poyſon'd with Poyſon, or ſtab'd with a conſecrated Dagger, and not being able to penetrate the depth of theſe Myſteries, nor to untold ſuch unheard of Riddles as theſe were; thereupon out of a deſire to pleaſe the *Iverniens*, of whom a very great number are Papiſts, he openly defi'd the *Salamanca* Doctor; and challeng'd all the world to diſcourſe with them concerning the *Poſſibility* of *this*, the *Impoſſibilitie* of *that*; the *Probability* of *this*, and the *Improbability* of *that*; ſo that the deteſtable Conſpiracy of the Papiſts, and their abominable Plot againſt their Sovereign Lord the King, was made the contemptible Subject of his corouſing mirth, and rendred to the publick as an *Endymion's Dream*, a *Fantome*, a thing in the Clouds, a *Chimera*, and a meer Tale of a roſted Horſe. For which the Papiſts careſſed him and fed him with Hony, Capons, and fat Beef. But the loyal Inhabitants of *Eblana*, hearing of it complained to the Governours of the City, who preſently ſent for the *Hermit*, and caus'd him to be lock'd up in an Iron Cage, nor would they let him out till he had paid the ranſome of ninety and ſix thouſand of braſs Farthings, which the Papiſts, as they ſay, begg'd for him up and down the Country. And this is the reaſon the *Hermit* has had ſuch a Portal Antipathy againſt the Plot and the *Salamanca* Doctor ever ſince.

CHAP. II.

How the Hermit *of the* Sounding Iſland *went on Pilgrimage to* Rome *to viſit the Nymph* Ninna Pandolpha: *And what there befell him.*

THE *Hermit* of the *Sounding Iſland* thus exil'd out of *Ivernia*, returns into the Realm of *Bretannia*, but finding there no comfort, and being overgrown with neceſſity, like a Muſcovites Chin with hairs: He bethought himſelf how to live in this World, taking no care for the other. He had heard of St. *Francis*, St. *Dominick*, St. *Loyola*, and ſeveral others who liv'd well in their times by erecting ſeveral Fraternities and Religious Orders, of which becoming the Cheif Heads and Governours themſelves, they abounded in eaſe and plenty all their dayes. And why *then*, quo' he, ſhould not I be likewiſe Head of a New Order, who abound in Wit, Cunning, Sophiſtry, Learning, Eloquence, and what not? To this purpoſe he had heard, that the Aſſiſtance of a Woman, who was made to be a meet Help for Man, would mainly conduce. Thereupon being ſatisfied of the great endowments, and rare ingenuity of the Nymph *Ninna Pandolpha*, he reſolved to give her a viſit, and court her friendſhip. Puft up with theſe thoughts he gets him a couple of bladders, and knowing that the paſſage between *Dover* and *Calais* was much nearer, than that over the Lake *Cocytus*, and in a calm day, imagining himſelf to be *Leander*, croſſing the *Helleſpont* to his beloved *Hero*, committed himſelf to the mercy of the Sea, which being Conſcious of the precious burden it carried, bore him ſafe to the *Iecian* Haven whence *Ceſar* imbarqued for *England*. Being thus got on ſhore, he bethought

himself of *Tom Coriats* way of Travelling in *Hermits* Habit, knowing that *Hermits* among the Papishes are every where plentifully and kindly receiv'd. But for fear of the worst he took care to Travel in *Autumn*, to the end he might Dine and Sup with the Birds, as he past along, upon Grapes, Figs, Almonds, Pruens, Damsons, and such other ripe fruits as the season afforded. It would be tedious to tell ye where he rested when weary, under what hedges he lay, how the Ravens brought him Victuals as he labour'd it up the *Alps*; It is enough to tell ye, that at length he got to *Rome*, and having found out the fair Nymph *Ninna Pandolpha*, how that having overgorg'd himself with green fruit upon the Road he deliver'd her a Recommendatory Letter from the Angel *Gabriel*, and three thumping farts (according to the custom of Ship-Salutation) at the same time. The Nymph was something coy at first, misdoubting something of an Imposture, but finding the Letter so fairly written, that it look'd like a Marquesses Patent, she gave him a kind and gracefull welcome. Then, quo' the *Hermit*, Fair and Beautiful Nymph, true it is that my outward Garments are but poor and mean, such as becomes a *Hermit* to wear, but the parts which they conceal, I doubt not but you will find upon more intimate Conversation, worth your knowledge. My design is to erect a New Order of Religious Persons in the World, in regard so many that have gone before me have so well thriv'd both in body and Soul by such pious projects. Reverend and well intending *Hermit*, quo she, *Rome* is no place for Invention, but for Conformation of Orders. Those studies require remote places of retirement, not Cites full of noise and multitude. I know it well, fair Nymph, reply'd the *Hermit*, and therefore I am ready to attend your Footsteps where ever any such place may possibly be found. After these and many more discourses and Complements, at length they bethought themselves of the Rock where *Numa* convers'd with the Goddess *Ægeria*, when he Compil'd the *Roman* Laws. To be short, thither they went, and there they stayd threescore and ten years devising sundry new, devout, and pious Ordinances for the Regulation of their intended Society, which they accorded should be called the Fraternity of the Holy Bottle. First that they who were fuddled over night, should pay a groat next Morning. That Men should pay Beverage for new Gloves and Shoostrings. That no Vintner should sell French-wine in Flaskes without a License from the head of the Society. That all other Men should endeavour to live comfortably in this World by hook or by Crook. That the Gospels and Epistles belonging to the Breviare of the Fraternity should be taken out of *Guzman*, and *Don Quixot*, with many others of the same nature. At the threescore and ten years end out they came, and presented their New Constitutions to *Pope Odeschelchi*, who believing such an Order might prove of great Consequence, for the good of the Kingdom, and the extirpation of Heresie, had like to have confirm'd it; but that the Cardinal *Santa Cruce* oppos'd it, telling his Holiness that there were more Orders than could well live one by another already, and that farther all of the Orders to this day Erected, were under the same Constitutions already. Thereupon the Pope gave the *Hermit* and the Nymph *Ninna Pandolpha* thanks for their pains, and five Ducates a peice as a Gratuity. Which so enraged the Nymph *Ninna Pandolpha*, that she went home, tore the Angel *Gabriles* Letter, call'd the *Hermit* fool, and left him to shift for himself.

CHAP. III.

How the Hermit *was receiv'd into the* Colledge *of* Caledonians *at* Rome, *and there read a Lecture upon Salt-Pork.*

THE *Hermit* being thus defeated in his Grand design, was forc'd to keep Lent in spite of his Teeth, which was such affliction to his Belly, that he could no longer endure the continual clamours of his Stomach, that grew

grew to be more impatient than a Regiment of *Switzers* for want of their pay. You might have had his Birthright for a Mess of water-gruel. *Ventre diable*, quo' he, I was told, that when a Man was in *Rome*, he must do as they did in *Rome*. I wish they would make their words good. For I find all other people eat and drink in *Rome*, unless it be my self. And so saying, he made directly to the Colledge of the *Caledonians* without delay. The Gate being shut, he knockt and crav'd admittance *per l'amor d' Iddio*. They told him they knew no such person as *Iddio*, and bid him be gone. Pray, good Gentlemen, quo' he, a Man of my Habit, in our Country, with hardly a tatter to his tale, may have Ten Shillings for a Sermon, and a Dinner at any time; Sermons, quo' they, we have more then we know what to do with. I'le read ye a Lecture then quo' he. Lectures! quo they; those were the curs'd things that set us all together by the ears in *England*. *Madre de gli Apostoli*! quo he, I never knew the Gates of a Religious House shut against a *Hermit* before. Those words were like a Charm, and gave him present Entrance, besides that his grave and venerable aspect gave them hopes of hearing strange things from him. However there was no reason that their expectations should be satisfi'd before his; which being done with a large replenishment of three days break fast, Dinner and Supper, in which time the *Hermit* devour'd a whole Wild-Boar, thirty dozen of Pigeons, the Tripes of seven fat Oxen, besides Bread and Sallets; all which he washed down with four large Vessels of Wine without Water, each containing two hundred and sixteen quarts. *Nel nome di tutti gli Santi*, cryed one of the *Caledonians*, who have we got here? Heaven knows cry'd another, but he feeds as if he were to be second to Saint *Michael*. If he has not a Budget in his throat cry'd another, like a Monkey, the Devils in him. However because they saw him feed so Prodigiously, they believ'd he would talk Miracles: And therefore they thought every minute a year, till they might hear his promis'd Lecture. Thereupon the *Hermit* reading their minds in their looks, when the Table was clear'd, call'd for a Cushion: And where he sate, thus began.

Most kind Brethren quo' he, I have here eaten of your Wild-Boar, but in my Opinion, *con la vostra Licenza, Santissimi Padri*, it is nothing so good as our salt Pork in *England*. The *Jews* had not the way of salting it, which abates that seminific, and consequently prolific quality which it has being fresh; and that was the reason that Swines flesh was forbid to the *Jews*, a people that needed no Incentives or Provocatives to Venery. Besides the Salting of Pork, most dear Brethren, consumes that fleshy Moisture which would otherwise render it more nauseous, especially to weak Stomachs. Tho for my part Heavens be prais'd, I can eat it fresh or salt at any time. However were I put to my choice, I would rather have salt Pork and Turneps; salt Pork and Pease, then fresh Pork and Turneps, fresh Pork and Pease. You'l say perhaps that salting may make it hard. To that Objection I answer most Reverend Fathers, it behoves ye all to rise betime in the Morning. First for your Prayers sake: Secondly for the setting on of the Pot. For the sooner ye rise the quicker will be your Appetite; the sooner the Pot is on, the sooner the Pork will be in the Pot; the longer it boyles, the tenderer it will be; the tenderer it is, the more grateful it will be to the Palate, the less troublesome it will be to the Teeth, and the better it will nourish your Religious Patron-ships; which was the only end, and final intention of the Founders of eating: For that we do not eat to live, but live to eat, as having nothing else to do, but to live and eat in this World.

This was the subject of the *Hermits* Lecture, which tho in it self deserving the chiefest place of a Booksellers stall among the dayly croud of Wedding, Funeral, Sunday Sermons, yet being made in the Commendation of Pork, the *Caledonians* took it so hainously, that they resolv'd to have him chas'd out of *Rome* for a Heretick. Tho in so doing they did like a Company of blind bayards,

for

for that by their Inadvertency the Church of *Rome* loſt the greateſt Proſelyte, that ever it had had ſince the death of Saint *Peter*.

CHAP. IV.

How the Hermit *of the* Sounding Iſland *made him an Engine, and flew to* Lisbonia *in the Realm of* Porto Galha.

THE *Hermit* of the *Sounding Iſland* having thus *Pork'd* himſelf out of the City of *Antichriſtia*; where had it not been for this unlucky accident, he had certainly in a ſhort time aſcended to the degree of a Cardinal, began to bethink himſelf what a long way he had to foot it back again. And therefore calling to mind the hardſhips which he had before endur'd, he reſolv'd to make him an Engine to fly. You'l ſay perhaps he had not wit enough, I do not ſay he had; but he got the *Sieur Beſnier*, a French Smith to help him. So they took two Poles or Rods which at each end of them had a long Chaſſie of Taffaty, which Chaſſies folded from above downwards, as the frame of a folding Window *A.* repreſents the right wing before, *B.* the left wing behind. *C.* the left wing before, and *D.* the left wing behind. Then he took a ſmall ſtring, and tied it from the wing *B.* to the left foot by which it was mov'd downwards, at the ſame time that the wing *A.* was mov'd downwards by the right hand. Then he took another ſtring and faſten'd it to his right Leg; by which the right wing *D.* behind was made to deſcend at the ſame time that the left hand drew down *C.* the left wing before, which done, the *Hermit* put and fitted theſe Poles to each ſhoulder, ſo that two of the Chaſſies were before him, and the other two behind him. Now the Chaſſies or wings which were before him were ſtruck downwards by the ſtrength of his Arms and hands, by which the hinder wings were lifted up; and the fore wings were ſtruck downwards by the Leggs, which pull'd them down by the two ſtrings which were faſtened both to the Leggs and hinder wings.

Having thus compleated his Engine, after four days practice, he got up ſtairs and throwing himſelf out of a Garret Window away he flew in the Devils name with a little Compaſs in his mouth to direct him his right courſe.

And now he had not flown above a hundred Leagues, but all the *Aſtronomers* and Star-gazers were got out in the Streets Turrets and Steeples, gaping with their *Aſtrolabes*, *Teleſcopes*, and admiring at the ſtrangeneſs of the ſight and ſome ſay'd he was the Prince of the Airs Ambaſſadour, that was going upon urgent affairs to the Prince of darkneſs, others ſayd it was the Tankard bearer broke looſe from the Zodiack, ſome ſaid it was the Devil himſelf, and could be nothing elſe, for that the motion of his wings was Perfectly Diagonal. In ſhort the conjectures were many that were made of the ſight, and the predictions as many that were rais'd from it. Some talk'd preſently of the end of the world. Others foretold great alterations of the affairs of *France* and *Germany*: Others predicted great ſcarcity, by reaſon that he had ſo fan'd the Air with his Chaſſies, that there was not like to be any more Clouds in four thouſand years. And this is certain that the noiſe of his Chaſſies ſlip ſlop, ſlip ſlop as he flew, cauſ'd ſuch a conſternation among the fowles of the Air, that they have not dar'd to come near the Hedges, Gardens, Orchards, Foreſts or Woods, over which he took his flight, never ſince.

At length after many reſtings in old Appletrees, Oaks, Elmes, and Barns he arriv'd at *Lisbon*, where he met with a Dancer of the Ropes, who obſerving that the *Hermits* Engine might be very uſeful to him to conveigh him from line to line for the ſport of the people, gave him a hundred thouſand pounds a day for the uſe his Engine, which as it prov'd to the great advantage of the Dancer on the Ropes, ſo was it a great ſupport to the *Hermit*.

CHAP. V.

How the Hermite *of the* ſounding Iſland, *met with the famous* Tunbelliosо, Prior *of the* Abbey *call'd the* Abbey *of the* Golden Lyon, *and how they drank together in one of St.* Chriſtophers Boots.

ALthough the *Hermite* were thus in a moſt fortunate and flouriſhing Condition, yet he could not but think it ſcandalous for one of his Profeſſion to be a Lover of the World, and conſequently a Hoarder of Money. Therefore quoth the *Hermite*, one day to the Rope-dancer, ſhould I now with this money build a religious Houſe, what ſhould I get by it? For there men live lazy, idle and ungrateful; and to burn ſo many young Virginities in female Cloyſters goes againſt my natural Diſpoſition. Nor did I hear of any *Hermite* yet, that ever erected a Temple to *Bacchus*, beſides that there are ſo many advanc'd to his Honour already. Come on then, i'll tell ye what i'll do, i'll e'en ſpend this Hundred Thouſand Pound a day in Drink, which is more than ever was done in this World before. But where ſhall a Man meet with a *Firmus* or a *Barbarus*, to keep one Company? that *Firmus* was a brave Fellow for he drank Wine, as the Story ſays by Pailfuls. Take no care quoth the Rope-dancer, here's a Corbelly'd *Prior* of this City, that if the Rivers in this Realm ran *Port o Port*, would empty e'm all in ſix Weeks, and in the ſix Weeks more piſs 'em full again. Let me never drink more quoth the *Hermite*, if I ever cloſe my Eyes before I ſee this Miracle of Mankind. By the bones of *St. Criſpin*, i'll not change Renown with *Hercules* or *Bevis* of *Southampton*, if I can but conquer this bold *Prior*: In the Name of *St. Winefred*, quoth the *Hermite*, how d'ye call him? *Tun-Bell oſo*, quoth the Rope dancer, or the *Prior* of the *Abbey* of the *Golden Lyon*. It was impoſſible to ſtop the *Hermite* a minute longer, and ſo they went to ſeek out the *Prior*, and finding him at his Convent, to tel ye the Complements that paſt will take up too much time. It is enough to tell thee that the *Prior* and the *Hermite* underſtood one another in a Trice ſo well, that the *Prior* call'd immediatly for ſix Pailfuls of *Port o Port*. Bouze it away quoth the *Hermite*, a whole Pailful at a draught. Not ſo quoth the *Prior*, to drink like a Tub-woman——I have a more noble quaffing Veſſel——no leſs than a Relick——one of the famous *St Chriſtophers Boots*, which he wore when he carry'd the Apparition over the *Red Sea*. What you pleaſe reply'd the *Hermite*, ſo we were once at the ſport. Thereupon the *Prior* began two whole *Boots* full brimmers to the *Hermite*. the *Hermite* pledg'd the *Prior* his two, and wheel'd upon him Three. The *Prior* pledg'd him three, and wheel'd upon him four. The *Hermite* pledg'd the four, and wheel'd upon the *Prior* five. The *Prior* took off his five, and wheel'd upon the *Hermite* ſix. The *Hermite* pledg'd the ſix and wheel'd upon his *Antageniſt* ſeven. Now quoth the *Hermite*, methinks we are taking the Pleaſures of the infernal ſhades, according to that of *Eraſmus*, who being ask'd by Cardinal *Pole*, what they did there? cry'd out *Bibitur in Ocreis*, they drink in *Boots*, *Bim—Bom—Boom*——quoth the *Prior*, what a Bleſſing it is that we enjoy this good Wine! I hate a Flincher as I hate the Devil. We never ſtudy in this Abbey for fear of the *Mumps Horſe*, then quoth the *Hermite* Clink——Clink——Drink, never think *Calm was the Evening*, Haboys Guggle,—guggle——Good, good,- good——is the true Harmony of the *Sphears*. There's nothing like drinking with a Hei paſs——Touch and goes the word——ne'r fear drowning, Man——becauſe the water ſeems up to your Noſe——You ſee which way it runs. I have a ſtomach as hollow as *Polyphemus*'s Cave——and then twill ſtretch like a piece of new broad Cloath upon the Tenters. The Sun drinks up the Sea——the Moon and Stars drink up the Sun——thus all the World an eternal Health.——Let it go round quoth the *Prior*——*ſera eſt in fundo parcimonia*, ſays the Proverb, and therefore he

that

that sees not the bottom of his Bowl refuses good Counsel. *Brevis Oratio penetrat Cælos, Longa Potatio evacuat scbyphos,* was the saying of one of my Predecessors, as Boon a Companion as ever said *Mattins.*

In this carowsing Posture they continu'd roaring, pratling and drinking from the Full of the Moon, to the Full of the Moon Again, for they did not measure Time by Days or Nights, which is the short measure of the Sun, but by the long measure of the Moon, which never pretends to send men to bed, or to call 'em up in the morning, as the Sun does. But as the longest Day must have an end, tyr'd and hotheaded the *Prior* and the *Hermite* began to think of taking a little Rest. Quoth the *Prior*, I never sleep to my content, but when I sit at a Sermon, or go about to say my Prayers. And therefore let you and I begin the Office of *Beati Omnes*, I'll warrant you, before we have read one page the Physick will work. This advice pleas'd the *Hermite* extreamly, and so the *Prior* call'd for his Breviary. The force of which was such, that e're they had repeated four Verses apiece by way of *San—san—san—san*—they dropt as fast asleep as two old Carts, and fell a snoaring like two Carriers, and so continued sleeping and snoaring till the next full of the Moon; for by that time the influence of that Planet had so well drain'd their heads and their stomacks, that they both wak'd at the same instant: They had no sooner rubb'd their Eyes, but the *Prior* call'd for the Boot and six Pailfuls of Wine to settle their Stomachs, which they made no more of, then *Xerxes* Army did of the small River *Simois* by *Troy*. And they had certainly had t'other Bout, had it not been for an Accident. For it so happen'd that two of the greatest Philosophers in *Lubonia* could not agree about a dispute that was between them, and therefore they resolv'd to refer the nicety of the matter to the *Hermite*, whom they could not but think to be a Person of great Judgment, considering after what a strange manner he came to their City.

CHAP. VI.

How the Hermite *of the Sounding Island determined the Controversie between* Trifle *and* Toyle-brains *two famous Philosophers, concerning the Number of the Inhabitants of the World; by which a notable Conjecture may be made at the Number of the Sands of the Sea.*

IT was no small honor for the *Hermite* of the sounding *Island* to be made the Umpire between two such famous Philosophers as the profound *Trifle* and the far applauded *Toyle-brains* in a controversie touching the deepest Mysteries that ever Nature conceal'd, and therefore he readily undertook to fair a *Province*, from whence he hop'd the greatest Renown and Profit imaginable.

Now you must understand that the Philosopher *Trifle* had espyed by the help of his *Microscope* certain little Animals in the Mole of a Cockle; about which he was extreamly troubled in Conscience: For he thought he had found out the business; believing that the *semen prolificus* was a living Body of it self, composed of several other living Bodies, which Nature and Concupiscence together throwing into its proper receptacle, form'd another single living Creature of many other living Creatures, thereby intimating that life was before life, and *Democritically* concluding that all living Creatures were produced by a Conjunction of several living *Democratical Atoms.*

The Sieur *Toyle-brains* was monstrously perplexed in mind about the certain Number of Inhabitants that peopled the World. And these were the two Brain-confounding doubts propounded by the two Philosophers to the *Hermite* of the *Sounding Island.*

It required some time for the *Hermite* to resolve these *Delphic* Questions, so that while he was inspecting the Milts of Codfish, Eeles, Pikes, Trouts, Dace and Minows, and surveying the *Vasa Deferentia* of Cats, Hogs and Dogs, Weezels, Dormice, dead Fryers and departed Nuns, Turkies, Capons, Geese, Sparrows, Eagles and Titmise, the two Philosophers had time enough to build an Amphitheater as big as that at the ancient *Nicomedia* in *Bithynia*, sufficient to contain fourscore Thousand Spectators.

Which being finished, and the *Hermite* having appointed the Day, Heavens! what a concourse of People was there to admire the *Hermites* Learning, almost enough to have satisfyed the Sieur *Toyle-brains* doubt, had they been told.

Silence being commanded, the *Hermite* first declared what great pains he had taken, then he told the Assembly, that he had viewed the Milt of a Codfish and that in the Juice of it he had discovered an infinite Number of live Animals continually moving to and fro: and that he judged their Number to be about ten Thousand. That in the *Semen* of a Cock he had discovered about 50000. and that he heard them crow all at a time; and that in an Eele they wriggl'd very much, by which he concluded that all these Animals were of the Nature of the Creature to which they gave life; and that the Testicles of the several Creatures in the World were made for the production of those Animals, and to keep them till they were made use of.

Now then quoth the *Hermite* as to the second doubt, considering that in such a small quantity of the juice of the milt of no bigger then a sand Cod-Fish, and there are more than 10000 small living Creatures, and considering how many such quantities may be contained in the whole milt, I do positively aver that the milt of one single Codfish contains more living Animals, then there are living men at one time upon the Face of the Earth.

For look ye, right Noble and right Reverend, a hundred Sands in length will make an Inch; so then in a cubic Inch you will have a Million of Sands. A milt of a Codfish is 15 Cubic Inches, containing 15 Millions of Quantities no bigger then a Sand. Now if there be 10000 in one Quantity, there will be in 15 Quantities 150000000000 to proceed then. The compass of the Earth is 5400 *Dutch* Miles, the Superficies 3092072 Miles. Now there are in *Holland* and *Westfriesland*, to my certain knowledge, not one more or less, 1000000 People; therefore demonstrably the whole surface of the inhabited World contains 1338 5000000 Millions of People.

When the Assembly heard the great Learning of the *Hermite*, and how *Geometrically* and *Arithmetically* he had resolved the Philosophers Riddles, there was such a hideous shout that the very breath of the peoples throats darkened the Air for ten Hours. And such was the Fame and Renown of the *Hermite*, that the two great Philosophers *Trifle* and *Toyle-brains* could not think any recompence high enough for him. However at length they made a shift to raise as many Thirteen-pence half-pennies, as there were small Animals in the Milt of a Codfish, which they presented him as a Testimony of their gratitude for his indefatigable pains.

CHAP. VII.

How the Hermite *was taken by the* Moores, *and what befel him thereupon.*

FOrtune as experience tells us, does not always smile; She sometimes frowns, thus the *Hermite* being laden with all this Wealth, was now resolved to return to his Native station. Whether he intended to have made any use of it, or only to have kept it by him, that after his decease the next finder might take it for his pains, is uncertain. But fortune at that time somewhat *Popishly* affected, and not thinking it proper for a *Hermite* to be so worldly-well accommodated, resolved he should not lye long under such an Opportunity of Temptation. After many Consultations with the Superior Faculties of his Soul, the *Hermite* at length concluded

to ſwallow his Treaſure, then to wrap himſelf up like *Ixion* in a Cloud, and ſo to ſail home in a *Coco Nut*. But unfortunately it fell out, that as he was driving with the Tide by a *Moores* man of War, one of the Seamen putting forth a Bucket at the end of a Pole to take up ſome water, took up the *Coco Nut*, *Hermite* and all; this fatal accident diſſolved the charm, ſo that immediatly the *Hermite* appeared upon the Deck among the *Moores*, as viſible as the *Pecke* of *Tenereff*. Any Men but Sea-men would have been afraid, but Sea-men, eſpecially *Moores*, fear neither God nor the Devil, and which was worſe, a Ragamuffin of a *Moore*, having taken ſome diſtaſt at the *Hermite*, ſtrook him ſo hard upon his ſtomach, that he made it chink like a Church Wardens Baſon. Thereupon the Captain ordered him ſuch a doſe of *Coloquintida* as ſcowred his Colon in leſs then two hours, as clean as an Artillery mans Musket. And now you may, if you pleaſe, ſuppoſe him, (for you are conſtrained to nothing,) ſtript naked, penyleſs, friendleſs, expoſed to ſale in the Slave-market at *Sally*.

But the poor *Hermite* looks ſo like a red Herring, which being long driven in the parching Sun, and ſo thin bellied by reaſon of his late purge, that no body would bid the price of a meazled Hogg for him. Till at length a certain Jew making ſtrict enquiry after him and underſtanding from one of his keepers, how he had been ſtrangely taken up in a *Coco* Nut, and how he had been for ſome time inviſible, till *Mahomet* diſcovered him, and how that he might be ſome *Chriſtian* Conjurer. Nay quoth the Jew, if he be a Conjurer, I'le make him pay trebble his Ranſom, for then he muſt be acquainted with the Devil, and the Devil's never without money, therefore the Jew payed down ſix Thouſand pieces of Eight for him & carryed him home, reſolving the Devil ſhould pay ſauce for him, when ever he came to pay his Redemption. But the Jew had better have been without him; for there was not a day paſt wherein the *Hermite* did not play his Patron one Dog trick or other. Among the reſt one day he put Cowitch in his *Sherbet*, which put his Patron into ſuch a fit of farting and laughing, that he had like to have ſpit out his Lungs. Another time he layed ſuch an unſavory Doſe under his Patrons pillow, that had almoſt poyſoned him. His maſter being in the dark, threw away the Pillow, believing that had offended him. But then going to lye down again, he laid his Noſe full in the midſt on't: Which cauſed ſuch a Relaxation of the Ventricles of his Stomach as had like to have coſt him his life; another time he went and begg'd a parcel of *Syracuſe* Wine of the *French* Conſul, and ſet it in his Patrons way. His Patron taſting it, never left taſting and ſipping, till he had ſipped himſelf dead drunk. Which the *Hermite* perceiving, made bold with his *Scimatar*, and a good parcel of his Patrons *Spaniſh pieces*, with an intention to have ſhewed him a fair pair of Heels.

But being apprehended and brought back again to his Patron, the Jew was ſo incenſed againſt him, that he reſolved to roaſt him alive.

In ſhort he made him faſt to a Spit, as they do ſpit Cock Eeles, having firſt larded him all over with a Larding needle: Then he brought him into the Sun, ſetting another Slave to turn him; and after he had well baſted him with Honey, left him till he thought he might be enough. The *Hermite* in this Condition, fell to what he had ſeldom made uſe of before, his Devotions, more eſpecially to St. *Lawrence*; and after he had made his Petitions to Heaven, he applyed himſelf to the Turnſpit, with ſuch mollifying and ſoftning Language, that as his Body dript, the Turnſpits heart melted; and pity (no doubt the St. had a Finger in the pye,) ſo overcame him, that he unlooſed the *Hermite* from the Spit, which the *Hermite* was looſe, he went in that heat to ſeek out his Patron who was coming forth to ſee whither he were enough or no. But ſeeing his Slave in that poſture, retreated. The *Hermite* followed him, ſpitted him through the third Lappet of the Liver, and ſo penetrating the *Diaphragma*, paſt by the *Pericardium*, and out under his left Armpit. (For had he touched the *Pericardium* the wound had been mortal,) and then cut off his Head. Having thus ſecured his Patron he ſtayed till Mid-night, then he took off

his

his Patront what he thought convenient; then he leapt into the Street; then he met no body, (for the Devil had lull'd 'em asleep) then he got to a River; then he swam a little way; then he swam back again; then he swam quite over the River; then he got upon dry Land; then he ran; then he walk'd; then he ran again; sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right hand; and then--and what then? stop a little--you shall know that in the next Chapter.

CHAP. 8.

How the Hermite met with a Lion that swallow'd him whole, and what befel him there.

NOW as the Hermite was wandering over Hill and Dale, as Hermites and Slaves have escap'd use to do, winding and turnings, and running and doubling like *Pusse* before the Hounds, while he sought to avoid devouring and cruel Man, he met with a cruel devouring Beast. 'Twas confounded ill fortune; and yet no such confounded ill fortune neither, considering what happen'd. For the Hermite was now within twice Musket-shot of *Marmora*, the Place of Refuge, which he sought (for so far he had either smelt the way, or else some Angel led him in a Halter, being a stranger) when lo a mighty hugeous great roaring bully-Rock Lion came out of a Wood, & immediately leaping upon his shoulders, swallowed him whole; for his head went in first, his shoulders next, and the rest of his body after, so there was no harm done; for the Bacon had made his body so slippery, that the Lion felt no obstructions in his throat. But hold, Mr. Lion, you are not to march off thus with our Hermite. For the Hermite finding himself in a filthy dark stinking hole, but very warm, fell a scrabling among the Lions small Guts, that the poor tormented Beast finding himself so suddenly assail'd with a most tormenting pain, stood still, thinking to ease himself right against one of the Bulwarks of *Marmora*. The Souldiers seeing the Lion, presently let fly one of the great Guns from the Fort so exactly at him, that the Bullet shav'd off his head, as if it had been done with a Razor. All this while no harm to the Hermite, only a little close Imprisonment. The Souldiers seeing the Lion fall, came first for his Skin, so that when they came to rip open the Lion's Belly, up started the Hermite, and besought the Souldiers to take pity of a Christian newly escap'd out of the hands of the *Moors*. A Christian, quo the Souldiers, never was there such a shitten shinking Christian seen, quo they. However, as thou art a Christian, we are bound to pity thee. Christians and Money are scarce in this Country, better have 'em in a shitten clout, than not at all. With that the Souldiers convey'd the Hermite in a Wheel-barrow to *Marmora*, where after they had well wash'd and clean'd him, they carry'd him to the Governour, to whom the Hermite related the lamentable Story of his Mis-fortunes, who presently thereupon caus'd four and twenty Sheep to be presently kill'd, and the Cauls of them to be plaister'd all over his body. For you must understand, that though the holes of the Larding Needle remain'd, yet the Lard it self was all melted away in the Lion's belly. And indeed he may thank his kind Stars for the accident of the Lion; for nothing could have prov'd so soveraign to him, as the natural warmth of the Lion after an unnatural Roasting; as *Cæsar Borgia* wrapt himself in the bellies of new kill'd Sheep after he had drank the fatal Poison prepar'd for his kind friend. Only the Lard indeed left a scurvey, salt, scorbutick humour behind, which will never be remov'd by all the *Pharmacopœa's* in Christendom. And thus the Hermite made a clever, ingenious and miraculous Escape.

CHAP. 9.

How the Jew had his Head fix'd upon his shoulders, and was restor'd to life again.

WHen it came to be known that the Hermite had cut off the *Jew's* Head, and and was escap'd, there was a great Hubbub in the City; for that the *Jew* was a Person of note, and greatly belov'd. When they came to his House, they found *Lucas Hamet* (for so was the *Jew's* name) walking about the Room, and looking for

his Head. By the Belly of *Mahomet*, cry'd one, there's hope as long as there's life. Thereupon they sent away Post immediately for the Grandchild's Grandchild's Son's Son's Grandchild of *Averroes*, one of the most famous Artists in all *Africa*; who presently came, and finding the Head warm, caus'd a *Moresco* Damsel to clap it to her warmer Belly, while he wash'd the *Jew*'s Neck with a fine Spunge dipt in *Syracuse* Wine; then he took the Head and wash'd the wounded part of that, and anointed the opposite part with a Powder of Pilgrim's Salve, ointing them after with Oil of *St. John's wort*. Which done, he plac'd the Head upon the Neck, vein against vein, nerve against nerve, joynt against joynt, bone against bone, and then set three or four Stitches in the Skin to keep it fast, and lastly, anointed the seam round with another Ointment, of which he would never tell the name.

Presently the *Jew* began to breath, then to open his Eyes, then to colour, then to sneeze, and lastly, to break wind backward, which he did so forcibly, that all men judg'd it a Thorough Cure. However, they thought it not amiss to give him a Cordial a Rummer of *Syracuse* Wine, with Nutmeg and Sugar, to satisfie his Spirits. And thus was *Lucas Hamet* miraculously brought to Life again. After he had drank, he called for his Bard to pursue the Hermite. But they told him, the shogging of the Horse would endanger the wrying of his Neck, if not the shaking it quite off again. Well then, quo he, since it must be so, Farewel the Devil and six thousand pieces of Eight.

You'l say, this Story seems somewhat improbable. Oh Sir! so do the Fables of the Poets, and the Apologues of *Æsope* seem to be improbable Stories, but the Sense and Morals of them are true. However, you may assure your self this Story is as true, and as much to be believ'd as the vain Comment, and idle and malicious Reflections which the Hermite makes upon the *Salamanca's Doctor*.

'Tis true, the ground of this Story, which has so much oblig'd the World, and the occasion of all the Noise which the *Hermite* has made, is only because he would not be accompted either a Mahometan, or a Jesuite, or Circumcised. Why, 'tis Gods Pit Lay, that he is neither the one nor the other. But yet there are thousands in the Nation will sooner believe all Three of Him, and upon juster grounds, than they will unbelieve the Truth of the Popish Plot, or the Verity of the *Salamanca Doctor*'s Discovery and Evidence. For that the belief of the former is not of equal weight with the belief of the latter. For it is of publick concernment to the whole Nation, whether there were, or be still a Popish Plot or no; but it is not a Straw matter to the whole Nation, whether the *Hermite* be This or That. For my part I believe he is neither, however in friendly manner it may be thought he has more embroil'd his own Credit, than the *Salamanca Doctor*'s Reputation, which they only strive to blast, who too unwarily care not what becomes of Prince or Country.

FINIS.